

The Weekly Museum.

Four Cents single.]

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[Whole Number 503.]

THE PRINCE OF BRITTANY.

[Continued from our last.]

SEVERAL persons are heard approaching. "They are coming to release you," said Alicia: "dear Prince, do not forget to fly once more into your brother's arms."

What a deplorable revolution! Some guards appeared—"Madam, we have orders to separate you."—"What is not my husband at liberty?"—"We obey, Madam, the commands of our Sovereign. We are to hold no conversation with you. Be so good only to retire."—"I fly to the Duke: it is impossible that he can so soon have changed his sentiments."—She embraces her husband; she presses him to her heart with a silence all expressive of terror and suspense; she leaves him. The Prince remains motionless; he is thunderstruck. Fetters are brought to him—"Fetters! Fetters to me!"—The guards, in fastening them on, can hardly refrain from expressing the emotions they feel—"There is nothing then in nature unfeeling but my brother! Tell me, I conjure you, what can have drawn upon me this excess of injustice and barbarity? Whither do you lead me? To death? Ah, dear Alicia! I shall never see thee more."

The guards answer only by some expressions of compassion, which seem to escape reluctantly from them. They remove their prisoner from Dinan to Rennes; thence to Chaetau Briant, and many other places; and finally to the fortress of Harcourt.

The motive of this barbarous inconsistency in the Duke's conduct may easily be divined. His return to nature had not been sufficiently decided, to overcome the representations of his brother's persecutors. Every thing he had said, in the moments of passion, was repeated to the Duke with all possible aggravations; or rather, the most absurd calumnies were invented; and even witnesses were suborned to prove, that this victim of human malignity had formed the project of introducing the English into his country. In a word, they so far succeeded, that a persecution was commenced against the Prince, and it was determined at all events to find him guilty.

The Attorney-general Du Breil received orders to prosecute him. This respectable magistrate hastens to his Sovereign's feet, paints to him all the horrors of the proceedings in which he was about to engage, and refuses to give his sanction to this iniquitous plot. The inflexible Duke urges him to obey, and adds menaces to entreaty. Du Breil, at length, accepts the dreadful commission, but with the laudable design to divert the storm, or at least, to weaken its effects.

Alicia had hastened to throw herself at the feet of Francis:—"Ah, my Lord by what unexpected fatality have your sentiments changed in so short a time? You permitted my husband to weep in your bosom; you even seemed to be affected with his tears; you were so gracious at last, to grant us his pardon; and now—now, Sire, they have loaded him with chains; he is dragged from prison to prison. He is accused of a thousand excesses of which he could never be guilty even in

idea. Have you determined, my Lord, to take life? I am come to offer mine. Let me die rather than support the dreadful sight. My Lord, have my nuptials drawn down your anger on my husband's head? Well then! shall I speak it? I consent—let the ties that unite us, the ties so dear to me, be dissolved: my heart will still be mine—my heart will never cease to adore him. I regard not myself: let him—let him be free. If his persecutors are apprehensive he may escape from their hands, (for you, alas, have abandoned them to their implacable hatred) I offer them a second victim. You have in me an hostage who will be responsible for my husband."—"I accept your proposal, Madam. You are my security of the fidelity of a brother whom I no longer regard by that title. My eyes are now opened. I see to what a degree the spirit of enmity and rebellion may lead him."—"The Prince rebellious! He, my Lord! Alas, how much have they misled you! He hates you not. I will remain here: I will expect every punishment if the slightest accusations against my husband have a shadow of truth. Alas, his only crime has been to love me too much. Once more, I alone am guilty. On me only ought to be wreaked the vengeance of exasperated jealousy. Let Arthur de Montauban come and pierce my bosom—but let my husband, my poor injured husband, be released."

In vain had the princess thus sacrificed her liberty, to secure that of her husband. This heroic action did not mitigate his fate. His prosecution was continued; and the heads of accusation were transmitted to the Seneschal of Rennes, in order to be laid before the States of Brittany.

Before this august assembly the Count of Richmond appeared, like a tutelary god that would hasten to the protection of a mortal. He addressed the States in a speech replete with the manly, unaffected, and pathetic eloquence of a soldier. He entered into a full vindication of the character and conduct of his nephew; and he demonstrated that the accusations against him had no other source than the implacable hatred of his enemies. Then addressing himself to the Duke, he urged all the considerations of justice, and all the claims of nature. His speech produced the most sensible effect on the whole assembly; and the Constable retired, not doubting of their effectual interposition in favor of his nephew. The moment he had left the hall, the Viscount of Rohan went to the Duke: "My Lord, said he, may I presume to hope that my voice will be heard after the Count of Richmond's? You must be sensible, that as the relation of Arthur, I might be permitted to take part in his quarrel; but I am the first to disapprove of his proceedings against the Prince. From this moment I declare myself his avowed enemy, if he does not prostrate himself before you, and solicit the return of your fraternal tenderness. Yes, Sire, I conjure you, I entreat you to forgive the Prince. I forget the affront he has offered to the house of Montauban; and I am sensible only to those emotions of pity and tenderness which the situation of the Prince your brother must excite."—The Viscount now throws himself at the feet of Francis, and

seems still more to influence the whole assembly in favor of the unfortunate Prince.

The Count of Richmond did not doubt that his speech would produce the happy effects that might be expected from it. He received a letter from the king of France, who ordered him to repair to his court immediately; as the English were making new efforts to retake the places we had captured from them. The Constable, who prided himself in a rigid attention to his military duty, obeyed the summons without delay; after having left in Brittany some trusty friends; to carry on the good he had begun, and which he considered as nearly finished.

But this great and good man was mistaken. The States of Brittany refused to decide on this important affair. The Prince continued still to groan in prison; nor was his wife much less a captive than himself. The heart of Francis became more obdurate than ever. The favorites, by their infamous intrigues, prevented the slightest appearances of any return to sensibility.

The Duke caused memorials to be published in the Court of France, in which his brother was painted in the blackest colors. He was desirous of insuing in the breast of Charles the too unrelenting hatred by which he himself was actuated. Dissatisfied with the conduct of the States, he pretended to establish the prosecution upon new informations; the first having afforded insufficient proofs. He saw with regret that the assistance of the Attorney-general was indispensable. He sent therefore for Du Breil. When this respectable magistrate appeared, he loaded them with compliments and caresses. He then endeavored to color his proceedings against the Prince with the appearances of justice; and at the same time he promised, what such atrocious characters are apt to think irresistible, all the honors and emoluments which ambition and avarice could desire, in order to persuade Du Breil to enter into his views—"Ah! Sire, said this virtuous magistrate, you have been pleased to applaud me for my love of justice: but can I deserve that applause, if I content to adopt your present views? Shall I be worthy of the high office which you have already honored me? Sovereigns, Sire, are superior to other men; but the laws are superior to them. I am ready to devote my life to your service, as the best expression of my duty. But the rights of justice I dare not violate. And what, my Lord, can you require of me? It is justice? My whole conduct has been actuated by its motives. Your brother cannot long be detained in prison. It is not my province, who am to acknowledge only the inflexible power of the laws; it is not my province to become the organ of compassion; to plead the birth and youth of the Prince your brother; nor to enforce the tender and inviolable claims of nature. I contemplate neither rank nor age; I listen to no voice but the voice of truth, whose minister you have appointed me. It is my duty, therefore, to declare, that the charges brought against the Prince are insufficient to convict him."—"What!" interrupted the Duke, "dare you resist my authority?"—"I obey, my Lord, the voice of my con-

science. No human authority can silence that voice, to which all men, whatever be their rank and condition, must attend."—"What contumacy is this! But I know how to punish it."—"Here, my Lord, is my head; a head grown grey in the exercise of my functions. Strike—let it fall at your feet. I am seventy-eight years of age. I will not dishonor the few days I have yet to live. You cannot wish that the last moments of a faithful subject should be blasted with eternal infamy. My life I abandon to you; but my honor, my honor is my only real existence, and no power on earth shall deprive me of it."—"Away, rebellious subject!"—"Rather say, my Lord, a subject who would give his life to recall you to yourself."—"I want not either your counsels or your assistance: I shall find sufficient means to satisfy my just resentment."—"Ah, my Lord, dread the terrors of remorse: it is more powerful than Kings."—"Dread the effects of my indignation—Retire."

[To be continued.]

From the "KEY," a miscellaneous paper, printed at Frederick Town, (Maryland)

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE GENERAL LEE.

GENERAL LEE was remarkably slovenly in his dress and manners; and has often by the meanness of his appearance, been subject to ridicule and insult. He was once attending General Washington, to a place distant from the camp. Riding on, he arrived at the house where they were to dine, some time before the rest of the company. He went directly to the kitchen, and demanded something to eat; when the cook, taking him for a servant, told him, she would give him victuals in a moment, but he must first help her off with the pot. This he complied with, and sat down to some cold meat, which she placed for him on the dresser. The girl was remarkably inquisitive about the guests who were coming, particularly of LEE, who, she said, she heard, was one of the "most oddest, and ugliest men in the world." In a few moments she desired the General again to assist her in placing on the pot, and scarce had he finished, when she requested him to take a bucket and go to the well. LEE made no objection, and began drawing the water. In the mean while General Washington arrived, and an Aid-de-Camp was dispatched in search of LEE; whom, to his great surprise, he found engaged as above. But what was the confusion of the poor girl on hearing the Aid-de-Camp address the man with whom she had been so familiar, by the title of Excellency! The mug fell from her hand, and dropping on her knees, she began crying for pardon; when LEE, who was ever ready to see the impropriety of his own conduct, but never willing to change it, gave her a crown; and turning to the Aid-de-Camp, observed, "You see, young man, the advantage of a fine coat. The man of consequence is indebted to it for respect; and neither virtue nor abilities without it, will make him look like a gentleman."

LEE had the consolation to find partners in his disgrace. In the same county, and within a few miles of him, was Major General Stevens, a Scotchman, who was broke for misbehavior at Germantown, and General Gate's house was likewise close by. On the arrival of the old man, after his unfortunate defeat by Lord Cornwallis, at Camden, LEE observed, that Berkely was the first county which had ever been, at the same time, the retreat of three unfortunate generals. "You, Stevens, (said he) was broke for getting drunk when every man should be in his senses; I for not fighting when I was sure to be beat; and you, Gates, for being beat when you had no business to engage."

ANECDOTE.

A Reverend and charitable divine, for the benefit of the country where he resided, caused a large causeway to be begun; and as he was one day overlooking the work, a certain nobleman came by: Well, doctor, said he, for all your great pains and charity, I do not take this to be the highway to Heaven. Very true, my lord, replied the doctor, for if it had, I should have wondered to have met your lordship here.

EPISTLE FROM THE ABBE DE RANCE TO A FRIEND.

[Continued from our last, and concluded.]

BUT you, my friend, whom mortal passion warms; To whom fair Italy expands her charms; Who rove, enamour'd, through the fragrant woods; Or hang in raptures o'er the limpid floods; Where gay Tibullus kindled loose desires, And lofty Maro strung the epic lyres; Immers'd in vain delights, perchance may deem These lines a frantic bigot's sickly dream. Alas! thou'rt wrong, correct thy fond mistake, And ere too late my sober counsel take; Dismiss thy follies, set thy spirit free From sin and death, and taste pure joys with me. With thee, in youth, the paths of vice I trod; Indulg'd each appetite, nor thought of God: For me its charms that flatt'ring region spread, And pleasure courted to her luscious bed: Where nature-rob'd inconstant beauty shines, And still on nature polish'd art refines: Where clost'ring vines adorn the fruitful hills; Ten thousand flow'rets deck the crystal rills; Sweet groves of myrtle shade the blooming vale, And love and rapture swell each balmy gale: Where beauty spreads her heart-seducing smiles, And all the magic of Circean wiles; The practis'd glance; the modulated lay, That melts the soul, and charms the sense away; Where arts on arts enormous vice disguise, And shews her pleasing e'en to sober eyes; Till late remorse in squalid weeds appears, His lean, worn visage, drown'd in useless tears; Reflexion wakes; distract'd conscience wounds; And grim despair the prostrate wretch confounds. Alas! my friend, how happier our repose; We feel the comforts hope with peace bestows: Surrounding saints our humble cells defend; And holy visions on our sleep descend: Repeated prayers sin by sin efface; And ev'ry hour we gain a step to grace: Our only emulation's to excel In works of Faith:—but hold,—I hear our bell— Some friend, I ween, who flies this mortal strife, And bends his course to everlasting life, O matchless power of unaffected grace! E'en now a saint has clos'd his tedious race; Celestial raptures sparkled in his eyes; And smiling angels bore him to the skies; My brother once, together oft we pray'd, And oft conversed in the holy shade; Remem'ring fortune bade our souls agree In strictest bonds, for he had lov'd like me! Like me, in vain; like me, in youth retir'd. All-pitying heav'n! had Laura thus expir'd!— And what avails this tenement of clay? Death hourly laps the babe, and melts away: All nature yields to his despotic will; And all the elements conspire to kill: E'en while I write, a hecatomb expire, All young, all vain, all forming new desire. And now, the sun emits a feeble ray, On yonder grove, and shuns the parting day: The world around an awful silence keeps; And, as if dead, the whole creation sleeps. I pant for heav'n: I avow my former fears! When worlds are wreck'd, and spheres encounter spheres; When death resigns his empire o'er the ball, All nature sinks, and time itself must fall; And soon, full soon, that awful day shall come, I'll burst my shroud, and fly to Laura's tomb:— Then shall that face, which, lately sent away, Alas! now lies with undisturb'd clay, Join'd to her form, in primal beauty rise, We'll soar to bliss—we'll seek the op'ning skies! There, strong in hope, our mutual passion own; And plead our loves at God's indulgent throne. And if, my friend, you fought this blest retreat, And scorn'd the world, my transports were complete! O hear the call! reject the vale of sin: Collect thy soul: the glorious work begin; I'll guide thy steps: immortal truths impart: And, next to Laura, place THEE in my heart.

MAXIM.

THAT person who is jealous of his mistress, cannot be said to love her sincerely.

THE CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY,

A new and much admired Novel, now publishing in this city.

What beck'ning ghost, along the moon-light shade, Invites my Rep?—

THE next evening Amanda's patience was put to the test; for after tea Mrs. Duncan proposed a walk, which cut off her hopes of visiting the chapel that evening; but after strolling sometime about the valley, compliance for her aunt made Mrs. Duncan return to the parlor, where she was expected to take her usual hand at piquet. The hour was late, and the sky so gloomy, that the moon, tho' at its full, could scarcely penetrate the darkness; notwithstanding all this Amanda resolved on going to the chapel, considering this as, in all probability, the only opportunity she would have of visiting the apartments her mother had occupied (which she had an irrepressible desire to enter) as in two days she was to accompany Mrs. Duncan to lodgings in the neighboring town; she accordingly said she had a mind to walk a little longer. Mrs. Bruce bid her beware of catching cold, and Mrs. D. said she was too fond of solitary rambles; but no opposition being made to her intention she hurried to the chapel, and entering the little arched door found herself in a lofty hall, in the centre of which was a grand staircase, the whole enlightened by a large gothic window at the head of the stairs. She ascended with a trepidation, for her footsteps produced a hollow echo, which added something awful to the gloom that enveloped her. On gaining the top of the stairs she saw two large folding doors on either side, both closed. She knew the direction to take, and, by a small exertion of strength, pulled the one on the left side open, and perceived a long gallery, which she knew was terminated by the apartments she wanted to visit: Its almost total darkness, however, nearly conquered her will, and shook her resolution of proceeding; but ashamed, even to herself, to give way to superstitious fears, or turn back without gratifying her inclination after going so far, she advanced into the gallery, though with a trembling step, and as she let the door out of her hand, it shut too with a violence which shook the whole building. The gallery on one side had a row of arched doors, and on the other an equal number of windows; but so small, and placed so high, as scarcely to admit a ray of light. Amanda's heart began to beat with unusual quickness, and she thought she should never reach the end of the gallery. She at last came to a door, it was closed, not fastened; she pushed it gently open, and could just discern a spacious room; this she supposed had been her mother's dressing room; the moon-beams, as if to aid her wish of examining it, suddenly darted through the casements. Cheered by the unexpected light, she advanced into the room; at the upper end of it something in white attracted her notice: She concluded it to be the portrait of Lady Melvina's mother, which she had been informed hung in this room. She went up to examine it; but her horror may be better conceived than described, when she found herself not by a picture, but by the real form of a woman, with a death-like countenance! She screamed wildly at the terrifying spectre, for such she believed it to be, and quick as lightning flew from the room. Again was the moon obscured by a cloud, and she involved in utter darkness. She ran with such violence, that as she reached the door at the end of the gallery, she fell against it. Extremely hurt, she had not power to move for a few minutes; but while she involuntarily paused the heard approaching footsteps. Wild with terror, she instantly recovered her faculties, and attempted opening it; but it resisted all her efforts. "Protect me, Heaven!" she exclaimed, and at the moment felt an icy hand upon her's! Her senses instantly receded, and she sunk to the floor.

THE BANKRUPT.

LIKE a stray'd beast a Bankrupt's found, Both trespass on another's ground, And both confin'd alike we see: PAY IN THE ROUND, and then are free.

ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman at a tavern complaining of the shortness of the pipes, the landlord began to apologize by saying that he had just bought them. "Yes," replied his customer, "I see you have not bought them very long."

AN ADDRESS TO MEMORY,

BY R. JAWCETT.

CEASE, Memory, cease to retrace the gay hour,
Nor open the wounds of a sorrow-pierc'd heart,
Contentment can soften Adversity's power,
While fruitless repining encreases the smart.
Ah! why do you tell of the PLEASURES you know?
Why paint them in colors of glowing delight?
Why shadow them various as Iris's bow?
The same to THINE substance:—as transient, as bright!
Ah! wherefore remind me, how much I should mourn?
Bereft of the pangs that gladden'd my youth!
Why tell me the PAST all my Bliss does INURE,
And invenom with acerbity's tooth?
L 13, 1798.

SATURDAY, February 17, 1798.

We are happy in being able to confirm the intelligence respecting the relinquishment of the Posts on the Mississippi, within the American line, by the Spanish government: at least so far as relates to the intentions for this purpose. Thomas Stoughton, Esq; his Catholic Majesty's Consul for this city, has received a letter from his Excellency Don Cayetano De Lemos, the present Governor of New Orleans, dated the 18th of January, stating particularly, that orders had been received from his Majesty for the immediate delivery of the posts, &c. and that preparations were still making for carrying these orders into effect with every possible expedition.

In the house of Representatives of the United States, on Monday last, after several attempts at modifications which were disagreed to, the resolution reported by the Committee of Privileges for the expulsion of Mr LYON, was put and agreed to, 52 to 44. The Speaker having declared this to the house, and that the constitution required two thirds of the members present to carry a resolution of that nature into effect, it was consequently lost.

MURDER.

The following extraordinary Letter we copy from the Bolton Chronicle for which paper it was handed for publication.

States of America, Jan. '98.

MADAM,

I AM one of the people who subsist on the Spoils of the Traveller, but if the spark of humanity was entirely extinguished from my breast, you would never gain this, or any other information of a person who was very dear to you; you will of course heap Curses on the Villains who have deprived you of your Husband. But your curses or blessings is a matter of indifference, as I am well assured every precaution necessary is taken for our security.

As my word was passed for this indulgence these lines will find a conveyance to you, and operate for your interest hereafter.

You must know, madam, that it was my Fortune, with two or three of my Associates, to fall in with a Mr. Oliver Johnson; after taking from him his cash to the amount of eighteen hundred dollars, we mutually agreed for our own security, to dispatch the said Oliver Johnson, and informed him of our determination.

When he saw his fate determined on he craved these two favours, viz. That we would write to his family which he had lived in Westmoreland, and direct the letter to be left at Walpole, (N. H.) to inform you of his fate. And his last request is, that Col. Joseph Burt, and Ezra Pierce, administer upon his estate, and wishes them to assist his distressed family.

To the wife of Oliver Johnson,
late of Westmoreland.

A true copy—Authr,

THOMAS K. GREEN,

JOSEPH BURT,

JOSEPH BUFFMAN, Selectmen of Westmoreland.

By a gentleman who arrived at Wilmington, (N. C.) in the schooner Pounce, Capt. Ferry, from Cape Nicholas Mole, we are informed, that on the 25th December last, fifty five launches, were fitted out, and manned with 900

soldiers, and 200 men from on board the English shipping at the Mole. They proceeded at 9, A. M. to the Platform, under the command of Capt. White of the ship Carnatic, and at 4, P. M. commenced an action which compelled the French to retreat. The English then burnt the buildings, together with 500 bbls. flour and other provisions, burnt their guns, &c. On their return, those boats that were nearest the shore, were fired upon from thence with small arms, by a party of the French who lay in ambush. One lieutenant and seven men were killed on board the launches, besides several wounded. The French had eighteen killed and wounded.

WASHINGTON.

Great preparations are making by our fellow citizens of Philadelphia for celebrating the anniversary of our late illustrious President, and still illustrious Citizen GEORGE WASHINGTON.

We are pleased to find that a subscription is rapidly filling in this city for the same purpose. There is no place on the continent where the services of that eminent Patriot are on stronger record.

LATEST EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

Received by Captain Colley, of the ship Flora, arrived at Norfolk the 5th inst. in 44 days from Guernsey.

That Generals Buonaparte and Joubert had arrived on the 6th of December at Paris; that a great part of the army of Italy had returned into France;—that a new conspiracy had taken place in Paris, and that a number of the conspirators were committed to the Temple; that the Pope refuses to acknowledge the Independence of the Cisalpine Republic, in consequence of which 10,000 Republicans are marching towards Rimini, to support the demand of the Cisalpine ambassador; that every exertion is making in France to organize the army which is to act against England. It is also said at Paris, that the Pope has entered into a secret treaty with the Emperor of Russia; that the King of Prussia is dead; and that in consequence of the ratification of the treaty between Portugal and France, the English troops at Lisbon are reduced to extreme want; Earl St. Vincent still continues off the harbor of Lisbon.

On the 14th December Messrs. Fox, Sheridan, and other members of the opposition, attended in their places in the House of Commons; their attendance was occasioned by the general alarm which Mr. Pitt's new Financial Bill has caused in all parts.

Norfolk, February 3.

On Thursday arrived in Hampton roads, the snow Willem, Capt. Wells, 43 days from Lisbon, bound to Baltimore. From Mr Brandan, (a gentleman who came passenger in the above vessel) we have information that he read in a London paper of the 27th or 28th of November, an account of the arrival in London of one of the American commissioners from Paris, but which of them he does not recollect. He further informs, that he had it from the best authority, that Lord St Vincent, with his fleet and the whole of the British troops, were to evacuate Lisbon in the course of a few weeks. The Queen of Portugal had forwarded eighty weight of diamonds to Paris in part payment of the sum stipulated for, in the Treaty made between her and France.

MORTALITY.

AS those we love, decay, we die in part;
String after string is sever'd from the heart;
Till loosen'd life, at last, but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.

DIED,

At Boston, very suddenly, Mr. JOHN DARLEY, of this city.

Lately at a Cottage near Ribton Hall in Cumberland (England) the wife of JOSEPH BACKHOUSE, aged 86. Her decease happened during the night, and the husband, almost 90 years of age, did not apprise the neighbors of the circumstance, "thinking," as he himself expressed it, "that as he had been a good wife to him during three-score years of her life, he could not do less than accompany her one night after her death." Thus did the poor honest man perform more than the original contract, and gave a singular instance of the force of conjugal affection. How different the example of some of the modern great, who cannot wait "till death them do part."

COURT of HYMEN.

WHEN first from earth, in spotless virtue dress,
Creation's Lord his spirit breath'd in man,
With social love his bosom he impress'd—
The first, the noblest purpose in his plan.

MARRIED

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. JOHN ACKERMAN, to Miss ELIZABETH PRULIE, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. EDWARD MEERS, jun. to Miss HATTY GOMER, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. WILLIAM SANDS, formerly of Boston, to Miss MARGARET GARRISON, of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Foster, ROBERT BARNES, to NANCY WILLES, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. WILLIAM FERGUSON, to Miss ELIZABETH OLIVER, both of this city.

If "TIRIUS" will study Sheridan, and peruse Ovid's Art of Love, for half a century, he may depend upon having his love effusions inserted in the Museum "verbatim et literatim."

NEW THEATRE.

THIS EVENING WILL BE PRESENTED

A celebrated Comedy, called,

CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

Woodville,	Mr Hodgkinson
Jacob,	Mr Hallam,
Lord Glenmore,	Mr Faucett,
Captain Harcourt,	Mr Martin,
Grey,	Mr Tyler,
Vane,	Mr Hogg,
Servants,	Messrs Leonard, M'Knight, &c.
And, Governor Harcourt,	Mr Johnson,
Bridget,	Mrs Hodgkinson,
Miss Mortimer,	Mrs Seymour,
Mrs. Warner,	Mrs Biety,
And, Cecilia,	Mrs Johnson,

To which will be added,

A Musical Entertainment, called, The

CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

The Offensive Practice to Ladies, and dangerous one to the House, of Smoking Segars during the Performance, is hoped every Gentleman will consent to an absolute Prohibition of.

Places for the Boxes, will be let every Day, at the Old Office, in John-Street, from Ten to One, and on the Play Day, from Three to Four in the Afternoon.

Subscribers will be made acquainted with the Mode adopted for their Admission, by Application at the Box Office.

Doors will open at Five, and the Curtain rise at a quarter after Six o'clock.

VIVAT REPUBLICA.

For Publication by Subscription,

A celebrated and much admired New Novel, entitled,

The Children of the Abbey.

A Tale—in four volumes.

BY REGINA MARIA ROCHE,

Author of the Maid of the Hamlet, and Vicar of Lansdown.

The London edition sold for a dollar and a quarter a volume, making five dollars for the set, we (provided this proposal meets with sufficient patronage) will print it equally well, two volumes in one, at a dollar a volume stitched, or a dollar and a quarter handomely bound, making two dollars and a half for the set, half the price of the London edition. Each volume to be paid for on delivery.

Subscription papers may be found at Mr. Carleton's Circulating Library, and at the principal book stores in this city.



COURT of APOLLO.

THE GLIDING SLEIGH.

IMMUR'D too long, FLORENTIA sighs
For purer air and genial skies;
And plans, with youth and beauty gay,
New conquests in the gliding SLEIGH.

Ev'n age, forgetting pains and cares,
For wholesome exercise prepares,
And, tempted by the glorious day,
Once more enjoys the gliding SLEIGH.

With second youth his bosom swells,
His former triumphs as he tells;
Then grasps the whip and drives away,
Exulting in the gliding SLEIGH.

Secur'd by furs, in decent pride
His spouse sits smiling by his side;
In gentle hints prescribes the way,
And half directs the gliding SLEIGH.

Where yonder cheering sign invites,
With stomachs keen the pair alights:
Confessing, as the bill they pay,
That health attends the gliding SLEIGH.

The maid, refresh'd with cakes and wine,
Forbids her tender swain to pine;
But lest mamma should chide her Ray,
She enters soon the gliding SLEIGH.

Though many a stream by frost is bonad,
Thus health and pleasure may be found;
Then who would fret, to spleen a prey,
When joy prepares the gliding SLEIGH.



ANECDOTES.

THE crier employed by an auctioneer in Portsmouth, among other articles, cried, white silk stockings of ALL COLORS—and about two o'clock P. M. he cried to be sold at three o'clock this afternoon, THE REMAINDER OF THE FORENOON.

MR. CODEA used to say, that the paradise of an author, was to compose; his purgatory to read over, and polish his compositions, and his hell to correct the printer's proofs.

LOUIS XIV. said one day to father Maffillon, "I have heard many great orators in my chapel, and I have always been well satisfied with them; but every time I hear you, I am dissatisfied with myself."

GENERAL WASHINGTON,

TO be seen every day, from 10 to 2, and from 3 to 5 o'clock, at the new City Tavern, in Broad Way, for one Month. This painting is as large as life; was painted by Mr. Gilbert Stuart, an American, the greatest painter of the age. The General is in the attitude of addressing Congress the last time, and does appear like life itself. The frame was made by Mr. Cumberland, of this city, who is entitled to great merit for its richness and elegance. In the same room, there is for sale, the grand Concert Clock, which was lately shown at the Panorama, its price is 1750 dollars. Also, ten full length original paintings, just arrived from France, of the following celebrated personages, viz. M. D. La Fayette, Robespierre, Pétion, Rabaut St. Etienne, T. Paine, Clermont Tonnerre, Mirabeau, Brissot, Genoude, and Camille Des Moulins, all good likenesses. Admittance Two Shillings.

MORALIST.

THE POOR MAN'S LOT.

THIS class are planted down, in the dark, dismal valley, at the foot of mount Opulence; where fogs and damp vapors envelope them in perpetual obscurity and indigence: They live chiefly on the fruits of the mountain, washed down from the inaccessible heights into the small rivulets of charity—these rivulets are sometimes almost dry:—The half built houses of these people are no barriers against the fierce northerly winds:—The descending cold rains have free access to every department, which by the way are not numerous; if by chance you happen in at their habitation, your eyes are not dazzled with shining furniture, but darkened by wooden windows; are you fatigued by a long walk to visit them, and fainting for want of refreshment when you arrive there, a cup of cold water is all their gratitude can set before you. Their children, though numerous are clad in rags, and endeavor to hide themselves as you approach, lest their nakedness should appear. Poverty is to be seen in all they possess; view their bedding in a cold winter's evening—blest me! How would a rich man's children sleep under such slight covering? view their table when set with their best dishes, how would the heart of a full fed man ache to be obliged to take up with such fare?

"The heart that melts at others' woes,
Shall find each selfish sorrow less;
The mind, that happiness bestows,
Reflected happiness shall bless."

Just Published, by John Harrison, and for sale at his Book Store, no. 3 Peck-slip.

SELECT STORIES,

OR,

Miscellaneous Epitome of Entertainment.

SELECTED

FROM THE NEWEST PUBLICATIONS OF MERIT.

CONTAINING

The Horrors of a Monastery,
The Heiress of Devon,
The Generous Lady,
Jaquot,
The Cornish Curate,
History of Pauline,
The Deserted Infant,
Drusilla, or the Fate of Harold,
Youthful Impudence,
History of Maria Feodorovna,
Albert and Emma.

Also, just published and for sale,

THE Whole Duty of Woman.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH CONSIDERABLE IMPROVEMENTS.

To which is added,

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A TALE:

STAYED or stolen last night, from an enclosure in Front-Street, a Black Bull Calf, ten weeks old, of the English breed, with a white face, and its fore feet white. Any person who will give information at no. 261, Old Slip, where it may be found, will receive the grateful thanks of a poor blind woman.

New-York, Feb. 9, 1798.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

WILL be sold, at public auction, on the premises, the 25th March next, the one moiety or half part of the lease of a House belonging to William Parker, and Francis Roach, opposite the Goal, no. 13, Chatham-Street, by virtue of an Execution delivered me 20th December last; nine years of the lease unexpired from 23d October last, subject to nine pounds ground rent, per year. Also, a two story house, no. 43, Augustus Street, subject to three years lease, from next May, at 40l. ground rent per annum. Feb. 10, '98. 6w. J. J. LANSING, Sheriff.

At H. Caritat's Circulating Library,

PEARL STREET, NO. 93.

WILL be sold this morning, at one shilling a piece, the new Catalogue of his Library, containing beyond 1200 nos. which form about 4000 vols. and fill up 64 pages, on account of its accuracy respecting either the titles, nature, merit or form of the works as well as the names of their authors. In order to understand the full improvement of the whole, H. Caritat begs of his friends to consider that of the books contained in the Catalogue of the Library he formerly bought, the greatest part he either never had, or that they were imperfect, or worn out. It is therefore by every exertion in his power, that he availed himself of the means this place could afford to form a good collection, having expunged of the old one with the greatest severity what could give no satisfaction to his subscribers. He has likewise already provided himself with a sufficient number of duplicates, so that at the ensuing season the subscribers in town may not suffer from those in the country, which last he will endeavor to accommodate on the most easy terms; and as now for a further rapid and steady improvement, he cannot entirely depend on the occasional importation of books in this city.

H. Caritat from this period will have a direct correspondence with London, in order first to get what he could not find here, and to have for the future, regularly and speedily forwarded to him, every thing new that may suit his customers.

W. PALMER,

Japanner and Ornamental Painter,

HAS removed from the corner, opposite the Federal Hall, to no. 106 Pearl-Street, corner of the Old-Slip where he continues to carry on the

Fancy Chair, and Cornice Business.

Has some of the newest London Patterns, also a number of Fancy Chairs upon hand, which he will sell on the lowest possible terms.

N. B. Gilding, Varnishing, and Sign Painting executed in the neatest manner, and shortest notice. May 27.

For Sale by Daniel Hitchcock,

No. 79 GOLD-STREET,

WILD Cherry Joist, Boards, and Plank, of the first quality; Boilhead Boards, and Joist; Beach, Birch, Witewood and Maple Joist; Maple, Ash, and White-wood Plank; 1-2 inch Whitewood Boards; clear and common White-Pine Boards; clear and common White-Pine 1-2 inch Plank; 2 inch Pine Plank; 1-2 inch wide and narrow Pine Boards, and common Scantling.

N. B. The above stuff seasoned fit for immediate use. Aug. 26, 1797. 78---tf.

EDUCATION.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he has opened a DAY and EVENING SCHOOL at no. 6 Hague-Street, directly opposite the Friends Meeting-House, in Pearl-Street, where he teaches the following branches of Education, viz. the Greek, Latin and English languages, Writing, Arithmetic, Bookkeeping, Geography and Navigation. Having devoted many years to the arduous profession of a Teacher, during which time he has prepared a number of young Gentlemen for admission into Columbia College, he takes the liberty of referring such persons, as may wish to be informed with respect to his success in tuition, to the President and Professors of that Seminary. JAMES HARDIE.

N. B. As Mr. Hardie is determined to devote his whole time to the duties of his profession, such young Gentlemen as may find it inconvenient to attend at the Day or Evening Schools, may be instructed in any of the above branches, at such hours as they may find most convenient.

JOHN VANDER POOL, Sign Painter, Gilder, &c.

No. 75, Pearl-Street, fronting Cornick-Slip.

HAS for sale, Window glass and Putty, a general assortment of PAINTS, Linseed Oil, Paint Brushes, Liners Tools, Gold and Silver Leaf, with a great variety of Camel's Hair Pencils, Cheap for Cash, or approved notes. Aug. 6 79---tf.

A young Woman of good connections and character, wishing to learn the Manuscript-Making Business, will bear of a place by enquiring at this Office.